Your Touch

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Your Touch

by Nightcrawler247

Summary

In a world were omega's have a biological culture and immerative unlike any other dynamic to be good to each other, to crave each others touch, to desire to be close Will has never really been able to indulge in this as an omega who hides as a beta for his job.

Hannibal has never really felt this instinct as strongly as normal omega's until he meets Will. Now he will take advantage of their, standard, omega cuddle therapy sessions to get close to the young omega in hopes of pursuring him as a mate. Will is not opposed to this. At least not while he thinks Hannibal is just a normal omega.

Perhaps Will could finally entertain the idea of being close to someone.

Oh yeah, Hannibal is really not good at sharing his sweet adorable omega.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Will has always had a conflicted relationship with his secondary gender.

He thinks that this is something a lot of other omega can relate to, but he wonders sometimes if they can understand it on the same level as he did. On one hand because of what he was growing up he had a deeply close relationship with his alpha father who had never wanted anything more than an omegian child to spoil.

A long-shot given omega's only make up twenty-two percent of all births and they tend to be on the weaker side when they are born and sometimes too fragile to even survive their first year. Then you factor in his dad's long line of alpha's and his sickly beta-mothers long line of betas in her own family and it really was a bit of a miracle for their first and only child to be and omega.

In a way it seemed like God had traded his mothers life for them to have him as the omega child they wanted. While he dad could have taken it that way, that Will was responsible for the death of the love of his life with his birth, he never so much as hinted at that. Unlike so many other father that weren't half the man he is. In fact, Will may as well have been his father new love in life.

He never dated after his mom's death. No, outside of work he insisted that was *their* time.

He adored Will. Even if he was a little weird. Unable to meet other's eyes and not as inclined touch as the average physically affectionate omega, or even just the average person in general. He never made Will feel like a freak for his quirks unlike the rest of the world did sometimes. Any time Will had worried about it himself his dad would just say:

"That's just your genius showing."

And give him the most affectionate but a little too rough of a pat on the head and kiss on the cheek as he pulled Will in for a comforting hug. His dad being the only alpha Will felt comfortable being touched by. Always telling him about history's greatest weridos that would later be remember as the greatest innovators.

"That's gonna be you one day, Willy-boy. Just you wait and see." He would say every time he'd run out of names. Sometimes he'd be too drunk to remember any of those names and could only hum and nod in confirmation as Will did it himself.

Will really loved his Daddy. Even if he could be overprotective at times and overbearing. Will would give just about anything to have him back in his life and grunting and trying to scare off any beta or alpha that dared look at Will just a little too long. The man did not take kindly to "folk's trying to take away his only happiness."

Will chuckled at the memory of that.

How lucky he was to have a dad who not only cared about him and never made him feel bad about any part of himself, but actively made him feel good about being an omega. It's part of the reason Will could feel so guilt at times hiding his dynamic now that he's older.

When Will became an adult and moved out for school he learned pretty quickly the world did not think as favorably about omega's as his parents had, as his Daddy had. They weren't overtly cruel but Will may as well as had a 'helpless' sign written on his forehead. It was just so hard to be taken seriously in anything he did when people could smell the fairer sex on him.

It also helped to keep pushy and pigheaded alpha's off his back. The type that thought they could bully him into submission and a date just because he had trouble meeting eyes and wasn't always comfortable tlking with others. Will can't count how many times he was driven to his baser instincts and found his eyes going gold and his fangs being bared along with a threatening hiss. Only to have those same pushy alphas from before acting as if *he* was the crazy one when he outright bit or scratched them.

He fought against the need to hide for so long. Thought he could get by like all the other omegas, but he just didn't have the social skills to make it work like they did. He appeared too easy a target for harassment with his mannerisms. It was just safer and smarter to pass as a mentally-atypical beta after a while.

He cried the day he brought scent blockers for the first time. Feeling like he was betraying his Daddy who always told him to be proud about every part of himself, the good and the bad, to say fuck all to the people who had a problem with it. But he got better, because even more than that what his Daddy wanted from him was to be happy and Will just couldn't see himself achieving his dreams while living as an omega.

So, Will bought all that he needed and he changed schools to a whole other city. This time determined to make it work and firm request have his dynamic listed publicly as beta for "safety reason" as he'd told the omega receptionist. She hadn't need more then that to put in the request. Honestly she likely would have done it even if Will hadn't given her a reason and just requested.

That had to be one of the things Will loved most about being an omega. The intense community they had. Unlike other dynamics it was not just born of social interaction.

No, omegas have a biological incentive to care about one another. The best explanation scientist have been able to give is something about the smell of an omega, to another omega, triggered a part of the brain others just don't have. Omega's also have scent receptors in their noses that other dynamics don't have either. Ones tailored specifically for the smell of another omega. A trait they develop in order to ensure omega survial not just from outside threats but inside their own species, from betas and alphas.

This inclination toward one another has always made it to where, outside of his father, omega's were the only people Will could really interact with. They understood him, and he understood them, on a level that went beyond social cues. Will could trust and they could trust that they always had good intentions with one another. He could trust that they would go

out of their way just for the sake of each other's comfort. He found himself caring unreasonably deeply for omega's he met and they him.

It was just a societally accepted fact. A majority of people didn't even care to investigate it further than that. It had resulted in a completely different sub-culture for omega's then with others however. Like the fact, that when omegas were in the same room together or even if they passed each other on the street, they couldn't help but to exchange arms to scent softly at each other's wrist before going about their day.

That if they had time to be around each other for extended periods, they tended to be close and even publicly cuddle. They took great comfort from just being in each other's presences.

When Will had learned this in the dynamics unit of his health class in grade school he'd actually feared meeting another omega. He was the only one in his very small town in Louisiana and worried that because of the way he is, he wouldn't have that same natural bond with other omegas. He'd come home sniffling about it to his Daddy. The man had looked right in the face of that problem, whipped his tears and dressed him up all warm because it was winter.

Then he'd picked Will's small six year old body up and put him in the car. When Will finally asked him where they were going after driving around for over an hour, his Daddy had said simply:

"To find an omega."

He'd been determined to prove that day to Will he had nothing to worry about. The man was and alpha and not a very learned one. He was not the type of ever lie to Will either so he refused to give false promises or to talk as if he knew all about the topic at hand. He felt the best thing to do was just to put it to the test. If it worked out then hey Will's got nothing else worry about and if it didn't then God damn it Beau would tell his boy every day just how special he was until this truth didn't hurt no more.

He probably should have thought it through a little better though, because when he did finally spot a omegian woman walking home in the dark harshly pulling the car over and jumping out after her yelling Ms wasn't the best idea.

He'd have a scar of the ladies claw marks on his neck he'd wear with pride the rest of his life because it meant he'd gotten them trying to help his boy. After Will had hoped out the car worried at the sight of blood and the woman had seen him she calmed enough to hear his groaning dad out.

She'd softened when his Daddy explained to her in hushed pained tones why they were out that night. She put her bags down and she smiled at Will sweetly. Will had felt a flutter in his chest at the beautiful omegian ladies smile. She giving him a 'come here' motion with her hand and Will had looked to his Daddy first for permission. The man nodded and holding his neck in pain still. Thankfully the woman hadn't hit anything to make him really bleed.

Will came over slowly and nervously. Waddling slightly from all the jackets he had on and trying to get through the snow. The woman waited patiently and even rumbled a soft purr at

the adorable sight of him struggling through the snow in the stiff clothes.

Will had been so scared to get closer to her. Thinking already that he didn't feel anything like was described in class. That is until the wind blew and he got close enough for her smell to hit his nose. His face lit up in a red again and his tummy felt all warm and fuzzy. The sniffed and her smile grew at his own scent too. She kneeled down and opened her arms wide and for him to run as best he could into them.

His Daddy had watched in amazement. Will had *never* rushed into the arms of anyone. He barely did that with his Daddy and only when he was scared of something. The woman scooped him up and stood again with him on her hips. Both of them rubbing their noses against each other necks. The nearest place the scent was strongest.

The rumbling of purring was heard easily. Will realized that was probably the first time he'd ever purred before. With a random stranger that just happen to share the same gender as him. She put her mouth to his ear and said sweet things to him.

"Such a precious little boy you are. Just adorable. You smell very nice." On and one she went and Will did his best to return it. Still not use to talking to others but he *wanted* to return it. He wanted to pay her the same compliments and affection back.

"Thank you. You too. You smell nice." They'd stayed there for a bit as Will's Daddy let him experiences for the first time the greatest gift of being an omega. Eventually though he had to be taken back. It was very late on a school night after all.

Will had whimpered and held the woman's hair as he was taken into his Daddy's arms. Her hair flowing through his finger like the nicest of silky strands. He thinks he cried then too but it was too far back to remember for sure. The woman had whimpered to in instinctive response to his sadness. The nuzzled her nose against his one last time before picking up her things. Having to leave before she snatched the little boy up again.

They wished each other goodbyes, and Will's Daddy thanked the nice omega lady again. Will called out another goodbye when she was half way down the street and she'd turned back with another smile at the sweet voice and blew him a kiss. Will had smiled and turned his face shyly into his Daddy's neck. He could hear the man's pleased laughter when he did and even from that distance the rumbling purr of the woman.

Will's Daddy's took him back home and as Will was being tucked into his bed later that night he'd asked him if they could do it again. His Daddy had chuckled but said he'd figure out what they could do, but he couldn't promise his neck could take another hit like that. Will had chuckled at his joke and his Daddy had playfully tickled him in retaliation for laughing at his injury. After settling down his Daddy had given him a kiss on the head and left Will to pleasant dreams.

God, he missed that man.

Will later resented and was even more grateful for the inherit bond he shared with other omegas when he started hiding. Omega's were the only ones that could smell his real scent through the blockers.

Which his bond with them meant that wasn't really a problem. He'd never had an omega resent, or try to out him for it. They just assumed he had his reasons and were determined to help him with it. Being sure to acknowledge him as the beta he was pretending to be.

That's where his resentment came in. Because of that bond it was the hardest thing in the world for both Will and the omega he was interacting with to not act on instinct. It had to be the strongest one Will felt himself having and he feared it giving him away. Even the most self-control long lived omega was barely able to keep from leaning closer to him, from scenting, from touching, from being weirdly kind to a stranger they weren't supposed to know.

It was certainly at most risky around younger omegas. Children especially didn't have the deduction abilities to know Will was hiding. Haivng not yet recognized what a blocker smells like. They were very instantly all over Will, who didn't have the strength to fight the feeling to turn down the adorable omega children. He wondered if that's how the woman form his childhood had felt.

Will always felt so guilty for putting them all in that situation with his hiding, but he could never regret when he found himself doing what he wanted as a officer and actually having the others in the station take him seriously in his work.

Besides, for the most part he was able to brush off any inclination omega witness or suspects had towards him as just being an 'omega-magnet' as the alphas in the station put it so elegantly. His beta partner always taking up the theory Will was just so non-threatening that people were obviously going to gravitate to him more than the other jackass int eh station. Not a crazy theory, as even non omega's seemed more willing to talk to him the his coworkers.

Ultimately it would be that bond that would have him 'quitting' the force.

It had been a routine domestic abuse case. The neighbors had called reporting a alpha male beating his omega wife. Will had grabbed the radio with a speed and urgency unlike ever before. His instincts setting off and dropping into dread at the words. He said they were on their way before his partner could even complain about them being on their lunch break. Will put on their sirens and drove recklessly on the streets and even on the side walk at one point. His partner yelling at him it wasn't important enough to risk hitting pedestrians to get there so soon.

They arrived in under five minutes despite the estimate of fifteen. Will had hoped out ignoring his partners nagging about being the one to drive back to the station and not Will. Too focused on himself Will already had a hand on his gun and his partner did actually stop him then. Looking into his wild and urgent eyes telling him he needed to calm down.

They were there to deescalate not make it worse. He knew how Will felt but they really needed to go in their with the right minds. Will had really listened and even taken a deep breath like told but when they heard a crash coming from an apartment above all that calming went out the window as Will was practically tripping over himself to get up the stairs.

His nose easily following the scent of distressed omega and his nerves getting more and more on edge as he approached. He was so tempted to kick the door in when he got there but he was able to collect himself enough to knock. Harshly, but he still knocked. His partner out of breath following behind him and standing by hind Will catching his breath a second while they waited for the door to open.

Will's partner stepped up and took lead, like always cause he knew Will hated talking, Will had to resist doing it for once. His partner knocked hard again when Will's wasn't answered. The door only opened when the man threatened to kick it down himself.

A alpha opened the door with a tight smile on his face he probably thought was charming.

"Yes, officers? Can we help you?" He asked and Will didn't even bother trying to hide how he was trying to look behind the man. His partner being more subtle about it.

"We've received a domestic disturbance call for this residence." His partner said and the man gave a painfully obvious fake confused look.

"I think your mistake officer, we're just watching TV." He said and his partner hid his disbelief amazingly well. Will cared less to, so was openly glaring at the man. The intense smell of stressed and scared omega was wafting from the apartment like a smack in the face. Nerve racking for anyone but especially for Will.

"And the smell?" His partner asked not beating around the bush. It was enough to give them probable cause to enter the home. The equivalent of a scream for help.

"Oh, that. My girl had a pregnancy scare earlier. It's so bad, it still hasn't left the house yet. I'd air it out but didn't want to alarm the neighbors. Guess that didn't work." He tried to joke but they were still unconvinced.

"You wouldn't mind if we confirmed that with her?" His partner asked and the alpha lips tightened further but never lost their bullshit smile.

"She's napping." He said and his partner feigned confusion.

"I thought you were watching movies together?" He asked and the alpha's sighed roughly but still kept the smile up.

"She fell asleep during the movie. I don't wanna wake her. Omega's can get very cranky if you wake them up from their naps too early. You know how it is." He said trying to buddy up with them.

"Yeah, I can imagine. We'd still like to talk to her though." His partner insisted and this time not as kindly. His tone making it clear that if the girl didn't come to the door they were going in. Will felt like he was practically bouncing inside to do so. His instinct screaming at him to go in and get to the poor omega that needed his help right now.

The alpha finally let the smile drop for a second before weakly bringing it back up.

“Baby! Can you come here for a second!” The man called and a distant sound of nervous feet coming came over. The omega girl was pretty young, only in early twenties, much too young for the older alpha in front of them. She was bent over in herself, and she had bruises on her arm. Her cheek was a little swollen and red.

“Y-yes?” She asked when she saw them. Not coming over to the door where they could see, smell, and hear her more clearly but instead much deeper into the home where she was practically drowning in the smell of her own distress and oppressive alpha.

“Ma’am has this man given you those injuries.” His partner asked right out. The alpha head jerked back to him and he had the audacity to look offended at the accusation.

“N-no, I… I tripped.” She said unconvincingly.

“Ma’am can you come closer?” Will asked shocking his partner and the alpha with his voice. He enver spoke up in these situations so his partner hadn’t expected it. The alpha seemed to have forgotten he was there entirely.

The young girl looked uncertain and sent a look at the alpha. He rolled his eyes at her.

“Just do what the man says.” He said with too much aggression for Will. He barely resisted biting the man just for talking to her like that. She deserved so much better, his inner omega whimpered for her.

She came over to them slowly and Will saw it on her face. The moment she could smell what he was through the fog of distress and the blockers. Her eyes widened and filled with desperate tears.

“He did it! He hit me! He *always* hits me!” She suddenly started screaming and pointing, looking directly into Will’s eyes. Telling him, feeling safe enough now to tell him.

“You bitch!” The man screamed in surprised and charged her. She screamed and tried to run for it. Will partner pushed the man away quickly and Will jumped to help him take the alpha down to the ground. Once he was sure his partner could handle cuffing him from there Will rushed over to the crying omega.

“Are you okay?” Will asked softly as she struggle to blubber a response through her tears. Deciding for once fighting his instinct would just be cruel Will wrapped her in his arms and held her tightly. She leaned into him and pushed her face into his neck. Desperate for the calming smell of another omega.

“It’s okay, I’ve got you. He can’t hurt you anymore.” Will was saying. She was nodding into his shoulder trusting the firm and sure older omega’s words.

The alpha on the ground was growling at what he thought was a beta wrapping his arms around his omega and her returning it. His partner had been too shocked by the sight of him actually handling this so well and a domestic abuse victim wanting to be touched that he didn’t secure the second cuff properly and the stronger alpha was able to push him off, charging them.

Will back was turned but the girl had a clear view of what he was about to do.

“No!” She yelped pushing him out of the way and being hit herself. Thrown back hard against the dinning room table. The sound of her pain being cut off as the alpha’s hand wrapped around her neck.

“I always knew you were a cheating bitch!” He screamed at her. She was kicking and fighting desperate, scratching at his hands with her grown out claws but it was useless. Will and his partner had leapt up and both grabbed the alpha managing to get him off only when Will bit his fangs in to his arm so he’d let the poor girl go.

“Fuck!” The alpha screamed and back away. His partner going for him again but getting beaten down. Will trying to help him after making sure the girl could breath again and was safely sitting on the ground catching her breath by the sink. Will jumped on the man’s back and tried to get him off his partner and chock him out like he tried to do to the girl.

His arm wrapped around his neck. The alpha first trying to remove them but then just moving to slam his back and Will with it against the wall. Will lost his grip and fell to the floor. The man turned to him with murderous intent.

The girl, unseen by either of them, felt for the first time a desire to fight back at seeing antoerh omega threatened. Her eyes turned gold and her hand began to move away from her neck. Tears in her eyes were now ones of rage instead of pain and sadness. Her fangs grew long and she grabbed the first kitchen knife she saw. Hissing loudly as she charged her alpha, stabbing him in the back.

Her instincts to protect her own stronger than the instinct she had to her former alpha. Such an easy tie to break when said alpha was an abuse piece of shit. The man screamed in pain when she did. She stabbed him again in the back before pulling the knife out again. The man fell to the ground and looked up at his omega with pure terror and shock. Having never seen her in such a state of rage before. Having never had her fight back.

She leaned over him and raised the knife high, hissing and growling loudly before going to bring it down. Will moved fast. If she did this right here, if she killed the man she once called alpha in front of two officer, it didn’t matter how justified she was, how well the courts tried to treat her, how much anyone would understand, her life would be over as soon as that knife went down.

So, Will did the only thing he could think of, he threw himself into it. Taking the blade in the shoulder. The alpha below him fainting in pure relief after having his life flash before his eyes.

AS for the omega who’d stabbed one of her own she was in hysterics now. Even worse than earlier when they saved her. She was clutching the front of his clothes in her hands. Whimpering and shedding more tears than ever before. Begging for forgiveness for what she’d just done.

Will, while in pain, couldn’t bare to see her that way just rolled them both over off the alpha nd held her close while letting himself fall against the wall. Grinding his teeth together and

he felt the knife he left in move slightly. He just focused on comforting the crying omega in his lap instead.

His partner was finally managing to get up after the beating he took and seemed woozy when he stood. The confusing scene before him not helping readjust his head.

“I’ll call it.” He said through pained bust mouth and Will just nodded in pain.

“I’ll stay with her.” He grunted out and his partner nodded, seeing the knife in and knowing Will was in no immediate danger he left the apartment, doors still open.

“I’m so sorry.” The girl was still whimpering in his lap but at least was together enough Will could understand the words through her cries again.

“It’s okay, I’m okay. You didn’t mean to.” He said tiredly.

Later one the paramedics would have to fight the guilty ridden omega girl off of him. Her protective instincts in over drive after what she’d done and refusing to leave him to strangers. They only managing to calm her and take him when they agreed to let them rid in the same ambulance. The girl needing medical care to after all.

Will’s partner was kind enough to make sure later they had the same hospital room and when she inevitably recovered faster then him Wil would wake to her by his bed side every single day until he got better. The girl bringing him everything he could possibly need without even asking. Will had her take most of it back to get her money back but did keep the scent blockers.

When he was unconscious she’d been well enough to apply it for him to help keep his secret. He’d forever be grateful to her for that. When he was finally out of the hospital she was there to take him home and Will had to insist to her she didn’t need to stay and take care of him the next few days and promised he’d contact her again when he made a full recovery if only to put her instincts at ease.

That had been a heard but necessary parting for both of them. She needed to get back to her worried family so they could finally tend to her recovery needs and Will needed to get back to his normal life. It was really hard for two omega’s to separate after spending so much time together and in heightened concerned but it had to be done before they fell into the dangerous territory of codependency.

The girl would already have to unlearn that with her past alpha, she didn’t need to switch to him as a replacement. While certainly the better option of the two still not exactly healthy.

Will boss had come by that day with a gift basket and other gifts from everyone at the station wishing him well and congratulating him on a job well done. The alpha man was oddly calmer then usual. Less intimating and more conscious of his mannerism around Will when he came.

Being overly cautious with everything and looking around his shabby apartment as if for the first time. He was asking Will if there was anything he could do while there since Will was

hurt and if the man had anyone to care for him and other such odd questions. It wasn't the first time Will had been hurt in the field or others like him, the man had never been so… delicate before.

It instantly sent red flags through Will and he said just as much. His chief had sighed and gave Will an apologetic and knowing look. Will's own closing in defeat and a resigned sigh coming out his mouth. He'd asked the man who else knew and his chief said no one. Not that he knew of, but the man had suspected for a while and this last incident had confirmed it for him.

If not the omega's attitude to him but them moment he'd stumbled on her applying blockers to his unconscious body. He may not be in the field anymore but the man was still a detective at heart. He had said while Will was a good officer and profiler he couldn't in good conscious continue to put an omega, especially such a rare male omega, in harms way in the field anymore.

Will had been furious and upset. Asking if he was just going to fire him. Just like that.

The man had sighed with a clear apologetic look and said no, he wanted Will to quit. To retire early do to injure so the chief could still honorable discharge him and he can get his full benefits he'd worked for and earned. Will, defeated and knowing arguing would be pointless, had asked if there was any chance of the man changing his mind and he had said no. Will appreciated the honesty.

Just like that, Will was honorably discharged. No one more shocked than his partner who blamed himself. Thinking if he'd moved faster to call the paramedics Will's shoulder wouldn't have been so damaged. Will had comforted the man and made sure he knew there was nothing he could do.

Will went to see them all one last time. Let them throw him a proper goodbye party that "a hero like him deserved!"

It had been hard and he could see his old boss was barely keeping bay his own guilt at it all. Will thought, good, he should feel guilty for running Will's life over something so stupid.

After that Will had packed up and moved out the city. Not planning to contact anyone from here again. Choosing to leave this chapter of his life behind. He moved to a property his father had left him in Wolf Trap Virginia. Deciding to use up a bit of his savings while he rethought what to do with his life.

He didn't think he actually wanted to go back to another force somewhere else. It felt dishonorable to the last one he'd left. Besides, if they ever found out they'd know Will lied about why he quit. So, Will had turned to trying his hand at applying to the FBI.

He wasn't too surprised when he failed the psych evaluation. It's why he decided to be a cop after all. He knew they were less picky in that department. The FBI had much tougher screen process and Will got it. His hopes hadn't been all that up in the first place. Besides, he had another plan after that. He'd teach for the FBI. A much easier job to score for someone like him.

Will found he quiet enjoyed teaching. Being able to use his skills and the oddness he was born with in a way people admired and aspired to. He liked to think that his Daddy would be proud to see him where he is now.

“Always knew you’d be one of them innovators one day, Willy-boy.” He’d say and pat Will on the head affectionately as he always did. After years of this fulfilling career teaching Will could say that he was satisfied with his life and how it turned out.

Then everything was turned up side down when Jack Crawford walked into his class room.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> A shorter chapter because I want to leave most of Hannibal's back story and interaction a mystery for now.

Hannibal was not like normal omegas.

He wasn't entirely different from them, but he'd always been too tall, too strong, too secure in himself in a world that told his kind they were the weakest and most delicate of society. When he was younger he intimidated even alpha's his own age. It was only when he got older he learned to temper that energy. To decide when he wanted to appear the predator he was and when he wanted to be seen as a gentle, if awkwardly built, omega.

Despite his abnormality Hannibal had never really felt the need to hide his dynamic. He was proud of all things that encompass what made him who he was. He would never allow himself to be looked down on for it. Instead, like with everything else he turned the perceived weakness into a strength. No one ever expected the sweet, educated, and emotionally understanding omega to ever have nefarious intentions.

Certainly not if the person in question was also an omega. Though typically Hannibal was not really a threat to his own. While he noticed very early on, he did not share the same level of absolute trust and affection for other omegas as they shared for him and each other, he did have it to some degree. He'd kill another omega if he had no other choice, but it never gave him pleasure, the taste of their bodies was bitter in his mouth in the most unpleasant of ways. There was no reason other than to protect his identity to do it and even then, Hannibal would sooner find another more complicated way to ensure that then to kill one of his own. He found in most cases the suspecting omega would relinquish any concerns from a simple talk with him. Always giving the benefit of the doubt to him. It was rather convenient actually.

He could remember a time in Italy where another omega had stumbled across him killing a beta for his artist killings and by simply telling them that it was a revenge killing after the beta had raped him and he was just using the serial killers method as a cover, not only did that omega keep his secret but in a fit of her own rage at the story she'd helped him move the body out of sight where he could work safely without discovery. Hannibal wouldn't be surprised to learn that even to this day she never suspected him of being the real killer even after helping him with a kill. Such blind loyalty always amused him as someone who did not share in that bond fully like the rest of omegas in the world.

If he was honest that sometimes bothered him to think about. While there was very little Hannibal would ever willing change about himself, he couldn't' help the burning desire to

experience that bond to the fullest. You couldn't be told of its amazingness, witness it in others, and experience a bare taste of it without wanting a full bite of the sensation.

His own feelings were already so strong it was hard to imagine the bond with omegas being even stronger. It made him wonder how they did not just succumb to it. How other omega's even operated in their daily lives with such an obligation on their shoulders all the time. In that regard he was glad to not experience the bond at its fullest, he could only imagine how limiting it would be. He thinks he'd even be imprisoned by now if it was. Simply because of the struggle lying to so many omegas would be.

Hannibal would say he's pretty lucky in that he gets to share in, manipulate, and yet not get overtaken by this inherit bond in his dynamic. It had always made him think even more about how wrong society could be at times. To see such a perfect well-oiled machine that was the omegas of the world as the weakest of the sexes is just asinine.

Perhaps this fascination with the bond was what lead Hannibal to study psychiatry. That and the criminal mind. Knowing what it took to unlock that killer instinct in even the most unsuspecting of people. Both were worthwhile reasons to get into business after he gave up his career as a surgeon. That and the fact Hannibal had been getting rather bored with his last job. Enough so he stopped striving for perfection and ruined his perfect patient record by losing someone on his operation table. A real hit to his pride and a wakeup call to get into something new again.

It had been satisfying so far, but like all things it was growing to be not just boring but a bother to Hannibal. He was once again finding only cooking and discovering new meals scratched that itch of satisfaction in his life. Still though, even Hannibal wanted more to live for than just eating.

He was contemplating mating.

Not just a shallow legal mating and marriage either. No, he's talking about the Bite. Deciding to connect his own biological signature with another person's and sealing them together until one of them dies. To commit so fully to someone you would trust them with your very life, with your everything. A lot of people did not go for such old fashioned and complete mating, enjoying the freedom of potential divorces if they ever felt it necessary.

Hannibal, however, was not someone who did things by half.

He'd gone his whole life with not desire or drive to do so and even now he still hadn't felt any biological drive to find a mate and produce offspring to raise with. He had merely been considering the idea to try and spark something in his life that he could care about of then his crafts and food. He'd never truly cared about anything past a surface level after all. He was curious to know just what that would feel like. To put someone else's needs above his own and have it feel natural and not a conscious choice to do so but rather an unconscious imperative.

Of course, this begs the question if he would ever even find someone worth sharing that with. Hannibal suspects that given his detachment to natural bodily connections and bonds it may not take fully from just the Bite alone. That he'll have to ensure that he actually wants this

with the person before trying to make any type of permanent bond between them that would end up one-sided in nature.

Worse case scenario he could just kill them if it doesn't work out. Hannibal didn't really want to go through all the trouble though or the sure pain of having to do so. To fight against his instincts as someone who so thoroughly indulged in them would be like fighting against his self. An interesting thought but not one he actually wanted to pursue.

So, Hannibal had decided that should he ever really go about this it would only be when he found someone he could not just stand but actually enjoyed the company of. That has yet to happen. For many reasons, the main one being there were very few people Hannibal couldn't see himself eating and the people he could imagine eating he had no desire to be around for long either. They did not spark even the smallest bit of interest in him.

Hannibal himself would also say by base societal values he was not the most attractive mate. He was much to dominate for an omega, favoring an alpha more than anything. He made too much money and he was too independent. He towered over most people and his body was naturally broad and strong. He was also older and passed the age to carry children, even if he could he wasn't sure he wanted any. The average alpha just wasn't attracted to him with all these traits combined. Hannibal didn't mind that much though. He didn't find alpha's all that attractive either.

As for betas, Hannibal didn't think he could love one of them either. They did not even have the ability to properly form a Bite bond like alphas and omegas. Sure, they could do one symbolically but only their alpha or omega partner would actually feel the effects of the bond, that beta could one day feel nothing for their partner and want to separate. Hannibal could never except such a possibility for the future.

That left omegas. Contrary to popular belief same dynamic people could in fact mate with one another. Tradition just dictated they didn't. Hannibal has never taken to this tradition.

Mating an omega was a pleasing idea all around for Hannibal. It was already so easy for one omega to understand another. They were easily inclined to like each other, and many found Hannibal attractive in his alpha-like traits yet omegain sensibilities. Hannibal also found them to be much better bed partners as he was the type who preferred to take the lead in that department. He was never comfortable with letting another take control over his body in any way but he always took great pleasure and dominating others body. It was truly satisfying to leave his partner a puddle of twitching orgasmic mess.

The only problem with omegas is, and he hates to say it, they are too soft. He has yet to meet an omega that could handle the type of life that he leads. While he's met a few he thinks can endure it there are none that would take the same visceral pleasure in it as Hannibal did and Hannibal wanted to share in all his interest not just the societally acceptable ones. He was about to deem his search pointless and once again give up on the idea of ever mating.

That is until Jack Crawford came into his life and introduced him to the most attractive omega he's ever met.

End Notes

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